

T H E
B A T T L E
O F

The Bards :

A
P O E M.

*Ut non
Compositus melius cum Bytho Bacchin. Hor.*



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(3)

T H E
Battle of the Bards, &c.

CANTO the First.

WHEN first poetick broils grew high,
And Bards fell out, they knew not why,
When envy, jealousies and fears

Set Poetasters by the ears,
Approaching war and loud alarms
Then rous'd the noisie tribe to arms:
One Squadron here, with quills extended,
Just vengeance vows, as first offended;
Another body there as large,
Stand ready to receive the charge,
Before the dreadful Gen'als stand
With paper, pen and ink at hand,

W. L.

Who big with hopes, augment their faction,
 And spur their Party on the action,
 Watch all the motions of a Foe,
 And ev'ry great Design fore-know;
 For shou'd a flying Party plunder,
 They're rous'd straight with storm and thunder.

Proud on this side Imperial C——y,
 In accents strong harangues his party,
 Their object Minds he strives to fire,
 Teaching them glory to admire.

My worthy Friends, since no disgrace
 Can our immortal works efface;
 Since envious Criticks daily pry them,
 And all their snarling can't decry them;
 But FAME, immortal FAME bestows
 On us, what she denies our Foes
 Why does your daring courage sink,
 While ye have wit, and I have ink?
 Why does your lazy lance lye still,
 Made for that great design — to kill?
 Or why, when Satyr sought your aid,
 Were fulsom Dedications made?
 Why quires of paper thrown away,
 To invert the Rules of Poetry?

And
 257



And you, O D———t! whom Nature
 Has taught to paint each lovely feature,
 Each bright perfection of the Fair,
 Shall sons of Earth thy valour scare?
 — But as you once made these to shine,
 May these be dull in ev'ry line;
 Be all their trash, that cheats the Age,
 Expos'd and rail'd at in thy page:
 Thus by audacious strength and might,
 We soon may put our foes to flight.

The list'ning croud with loud buzza's,
 Ev'n strain their lungs to give applause,
 Confirm him judge of all they write,
 Through malice, envy, rage, or spite,
 Lampoons or satyres, verse or prose,
 Against D———n, S———n, or such foes,
 Swear never to forsake his Party,
 But faithfully adhere to C———y.

Now each receives a quire of paper,
 Six pens, a standish, and a taper,
 In haste all fly into their den,
 There write and blot, and write agen,
 War, open war their thoughts engage,
 And threatening silence speaks their rage.

Now

Now, Male, look o'er to t'other side,
 And view the Scene, where baleful pride;
 Where spite, revenge, and wrath conspire,
 To rouse their spleen, and whet their ire,
 See Minds by various passions tost,
 And Reason 'midst those passions lost;
 VVhere fury does its aid dispense,
 To fill up all the void of sense.
 D——n and S——n, each began,
 By rage to swell themselves to Man,
 Their abject fears they fling aside,
 And chuse fell fury for their guide.

Strife, who so long had lain in chains,
 A stranger to the peaceful Swains;
 (For *Fear* had bound the the captive Maid)
 Is now releas'd by Envy's aid,
 And set at liberty to rove,
 Rending the firmest ties of love.
 Here she sits brooding o'er the Bards,
 And ev'ry gen'rous Thought retards,
 Lives in their souls, foment's their rage,
 And teems her spawn o'er ev'ry page,
 Promotes their dire intestine jars,
 The rip'ning seeds of future wars,

Incites

Incites her subjects to destroy,
 And falling Victims, are her joy;
 Her grateful presence D——n fires;
 He writes whatever she inspires:
 Like heedless travellers, he wanders,
 By fires delusive, lur'd to dangers,
 Thro' shaking-bogs he strays about,
 Led further in, but never out,

Again in field the Heroes shine,
 Ranging their Forces in a line,
 Here D——n animates his Party,
 So fire their engines quick on C——y,
 And by his great example shews,
That courage best can strength oppose,
 Then straight a volley at him sent,
 That on his fame its fury spent,
 Which Satyre-proof cou'd stand the test,
(His fame to injure, is a jest,
For libellings and defamations,
Hurt but establish'd Reputations :)

Now C——y stun'd with vast surprise,
 Star'd all around with vengeful Eyes,

His lifted arm and hideous grin,
 Express'd the fury lodg'd within,
 Which in poetick thunder flew,
 And in a moment blasted two.

The end of the first Canto.

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